

PULSE

PULSE

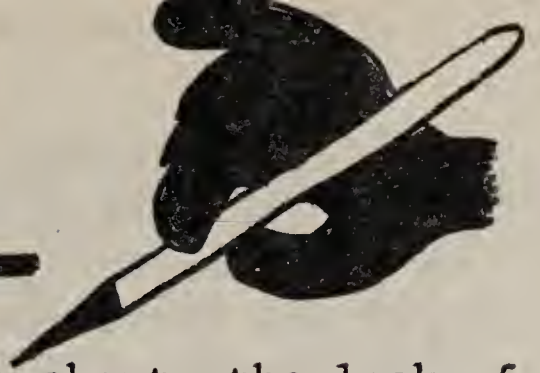
1967-12...

this month

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EDITORIAL



After last month's critical column about the lack of respect in today's world, many criticisms were hurled this way. Many said we have a lot of things to gripe about. Others said it's insane to obey an absurd law. These remarks were taken with the utmost sincerity, and during the meeting with the provincial, it became evident that a certain amount of complaining (it could be better termed as reasoning) can be very helpful. Although it may not seem like it now, surely the suggestions brought into the open will be considered and hopefully acted upon.

Several weeks ago one of the faculty members was overheard saying that the Mongies were the laziest bunch of bums he'd ever seen. Had he attended the big meeting, he would have seen a group of men who care about what is happening to them and who are willing to speak up for their rights. Let that same person take a tour of the newly painted, generally tidy -- although not the newest or most luxurious--Xavier Hall, then let him observe the guys in their various activities: working, studying,
cont. on next p.

PULSE

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December 1967

PULSE is the literary product of the philosophy students of Xavier Hall, Saint Joseph's College, Rensselaer, Indiana, published whenever they get enough material to make it worth printing. PULSE aims to spread the news, opinions, and humor of Mongieville to the students themselves and to all readers. Yearly subscription, 1.25

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praying, playing, all with energy and spirit, which is something rarely exhibited among today's teenagers. Maybe he attended the Thanksgiving dinner. I wonder if he realized the tremendous amount of time the religious students spent in preparing this fine meal. Maybe he attended one of the banquets held at the college this past summer and saw the young men waiting on his table. Do you think he knew that they were giving up their free time generously and for no pay? Does he see the Mongies working during holiday vacations when the rest of the school is taking life easy?

A quick glance into Xavier Hall is enough to see some fine future leaders in the Church and also in the ranks of the laity. Great signs of spirit have been exhibited this year in the Intramural Sports activities. Although some rules have been broken, the general standing has been fine. The short Christmas vacation surely came as a surprise. I only hope we don't wear out our welcome here at college during the month of January. Even though this may not be the most likely place to relax between semesters, don't let it ruin the spirit. Merry Christmas. PK

LETTERS

TO THE
EDITOR

Dear Editor,

Just a few critical comments on PULSE. As I look at the "Hard Guy" Hall of Fame, I can't help from admiring the person who selected them. All of the selections were very good, except one: Growney. The author should have known that Growney would let it go to his head. Smith, as usual, has gone out of his way to find the faults in others. Craig added a lot

of "flour" power to his "Tidbits."

All in all, PULSE is really great this year. There are always some interesting and amusing articles by Ploetz or Catalano. Langenkamp is doing a fine job in his sports column and, what do you know, the BP's can write poetry!

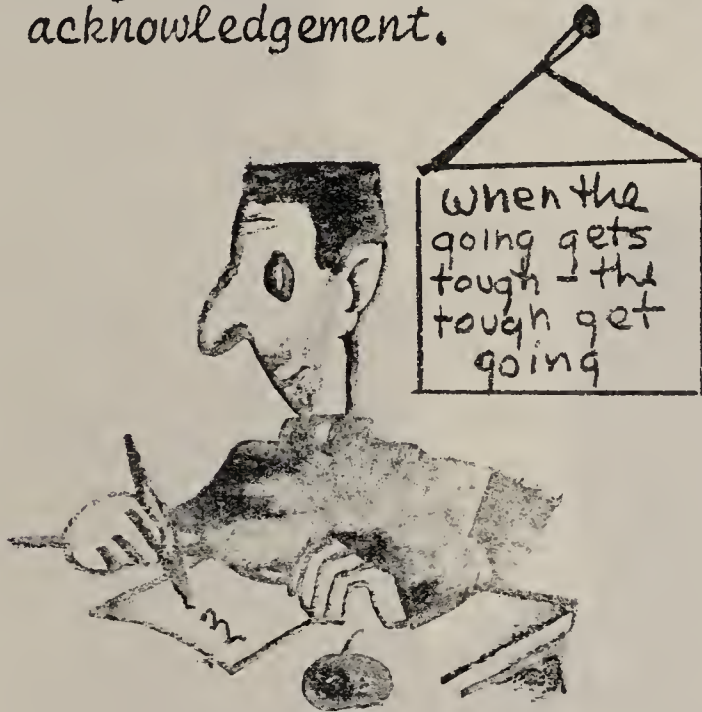
Well, I guess I've said enough already. Pete, keep up the good work.

Roger Fortman



Dear PULSE Staff:

It is now early in the morning. However, the very first thing that crossed my mind was a memory of seeing my name appear in the last issue of PULSE. Not knowing the qualifications for being listed in the hall of fame, but confident that there was an outside chance of their being positive in nature, I feel compelled in charity to make some kind of acknowledgement.



I am reminded of a most pertinent passage from the Second Vatican Council's Constitution on the Church, #12: It is not only through the sacraments and the ministries of the Church that the Holy Spirit sanctifies and leads the people of God and enriches it with virtues, but, "allotting his

gifts to everyone according as he wills" (1 Cor 12:11), he distributes special graces among the faithful of every rank. By these gifts he makes them fit and ready to undertake the various tasks and offices which contribute toward the renewal and building up of the Church, according to the words of the Apostle: "The manifestation of the Spirit is given to everyone for profit" (1 Cor 12:7). These charisms, whether they be outstanding or more simple and commonplace, are to be received with thanksgiving and consolation, for they are precisely suited to the needs of the Church and useful for its work. Extraordinary gifts are not to be sought after, nor are the results of apostolic labor to be presumptuously expected from their possession but judgement as to their genuineness and proper use belongs to those who are appointed leaders in the Church, to those whose special competence it belongs not indeed to extinguish the Spirit, but to test all things, and hold fast to that which is good.

This note is written to you in the spirit of a directive provided for us in the Second Vatican Council Decree on the Apostolate of



THE DEATH



OF CHRISTMAS

One day long ago, Edgar Allan Poe was rummaging thru some of his files when he came upon a dog-eared manuscript stained with black coffee marks and big drops of beeswax. For some peculiar reason, Edgar was captivated by this somewhat moldy manuscript and thought it might be worth looking into.

First Edgar stood the papers on end and let them fall open to see if there were any good parts. The manuscript refused to fall open and continued to fall instead on its back cover. So Edgar, somewhat disappointed that the book was not a challenge to his conscience, opened it and began to read:

We all the seminarians and brother postulants of this here noble institution of higher learning, known to most as St. Joe's, do ordain and establish this here plan of action to stop the recently discovered secret plan from becoming a reality.

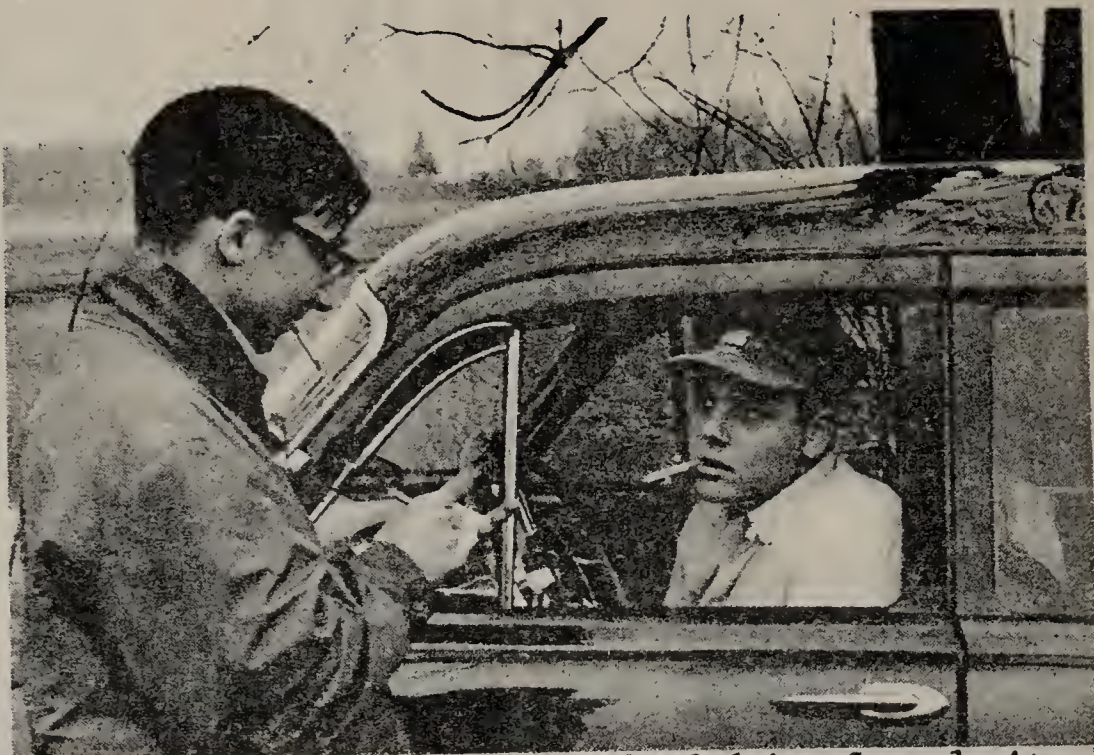
In the following letter received by myself, Mike Hicks, acting assistant to the secretary of the Student Council at Xavier Hall, James (the Masher) Field, explains in detail the information which fate caused him to intercept yesterday.

The letter:

My Dearest Fellow Students and Admirers,

Yesterday, as you know by now, a letter fell into my hands as I was inspecting the incoming mail due to the absences of our directors. M. Smith, my self-appointed Lid Number Two (he has to try harder), wanted to help me read the mail. But when I heard from ace spy, J. Ballmann, that there were several juicy letters in the day's mail, I invented an excuse and sent Mike (I call Mr. Smith "Mike" because we are such great friends) to Lafayette in the Pontiac, which just happened to have only two gallons of gas in it. Consequently, Mike was forced to sit in the car for two hours, ten miles from nowhere,

"Gee,
Officer,
I think
They may
have
Tricked
Me."



until a passing highway patrolman booked him for loitering on the highway and eclipsing the entire state of Illinois.

I read through the mail leisurely. There were the usual complaints about the new loans and others about the big stink J. B. (Jim Burnett) had created when he took off his boots at congregational singing Tuesday night.

After reading these and trying to decipher several beer-stained ones from the Novi, I came across the letter that concerns us today. This letter was addressed to Caruse Batalano, whom we all remember from the great wine scandal of September '66. It was written in Italian, but, thanks to my knowledge of Latin, I have been able to finure out most of it and to offer the following translation:

Juan Puppetino
3050 Montenegro Rd.
Capua, Italy

Heil Caruse!

I am writing to thank you for the fine inside job you have done in helping us find out the exact route Santa Claus plans to use this Christmas. According to your diagram, Santa should leave the North Pole early Christmas eve and sweep down across Canada before entering the United

States above Wisconsin. Then he should head southeast toward Chicago and make a beeline between that cith and Miami, Fla. While covering this territory, Santa will naturally have to stop at St. Joe's College in Indiana...

Here is where we will get him. Here we wil stop

once and for all that good-
ie, good guy who stands for
everything our Mafia is a-
gainst, I am moving a big
deployment of the boys into
Collegeville. It will be
your job, Caruse, to ac-
quaint them with the cam-
pus and supply them with
all necessary information.

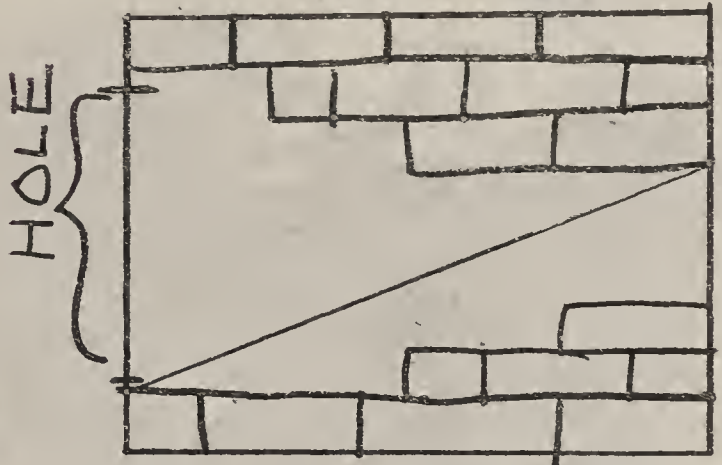
After delivering to all
the secular halls, Santa
will come to the first
group of religious stu-
dents, the Brother Postu-
lants, who reside in the
southern end of the admin-
istration building. This is
where we will nab him.

Our plan will actually
begin to operate on the
twenty-third. On that day
you, Caruse and Antonio
Rosetti, my ace hammer man,
will enter the administra-



tion building attic with
chisels and air hammers
dressed in the togs of a
typical St. Joe employee.
Once in the attic, move to
the southwestern most chi-
mney. This is the one San-
ta will have to use if he
wants to bring any Christ-
mas to John Degenhardt,
Dave Hagan and Bro. Aqui-
nas. Using your tools you
will cut a large hole in
the chimney.

Next, Caruse, it will
be your job to get a piece
of sheet metal which you
must secure diagonally in-
side the chimney. The com-
pleted job should look
like so: side view



Next you must affix a
large bag made of thick
canvas to the mouth of the
hole. The bag should have
a strong drawstring that
can be closed quickly.
When Santa slides down the
chimney, he will rebound
off the metal sheet and
into the bag. Carlos Pull-
ino and Benditto Elierio,
two of the fastest take-
down men in our business.

They will take care of Santa. You Caruse, and Antonio will be in charge of the roof detail. As you have noted, Santa will probably park his sleigh on the roof of the faculty building. Twenty of the boys will assist you in robbing the sleigh of all its merchandise. Our men will be using sub-machine guns loaded with poison-tipped deer slugs.

After you have killed the deer, send Antonio and as many of the boys as are needed to carry the merchandise you find in the sleigh to the college gar-

down the incinerator tube of Schwieterman Hall. In the basement, Petronius Wolinsky, the greatest arsonist in our Boston group, will be waiting to ignite the fire. Have no fears about Wolinsky's non-Italian origins. He is the great grandson of that O'Leary dame who started the big Chicago fire. She was a loyal Italian.

Gather the boys then, Caruse, and head for the garbage truck. No one will suspect a slow-moving garbage truck to be the getaway vehicle.

This is the year! Never



bage truck where you will deposit it for the getaway.

Santa Claus, as you know, cannot be killed by bullets. Therefore it will be necessary to cremate him. Soaking the bag in gasoline, Carlos and Benedetto will stuff the bag

before we had such a chance to grab Santa Claus. My plan, as usual, is flawless. Let's not have it bungled by human error.

Yours in Crime
Juan Puppetino,
Supreme High Wizard

*Merry Christmas
-from the Pulse Staff*

All right, fellow students, we've got to stop this if the world is ever going to feel the joys of Christmas again. I am going to delegate certain ones of our number to head groups to thwart this terrible scheme of the Mafia. Here are the leaders and their jobs:

1) I myself, because of my work in the carpenter shop, will head the attic gang. We will try to stop the Mafia before they have any chance to get to Santa.

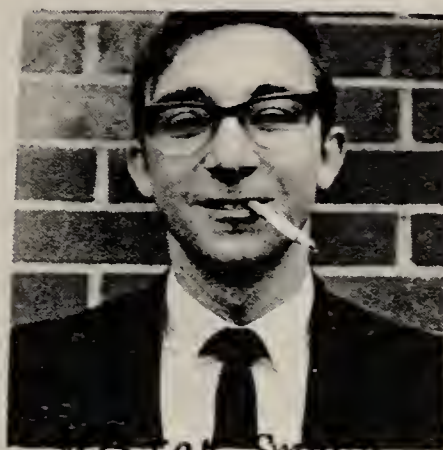
2) Bill Stechschultz, of his great ability as a jockey, will head the roof detail. Use whatever weapons you deem necessary to protect Santa's reindeer.

3) John Hohman, for obvious reasons will captain the incinerator crew. It will be your job to stop this Petronius fellow from ever starting the fire that is to cremate Santa.

4) Tom Brown will head the garbage truck detail. You must drive the truck so fast during the day that you wear down the batteries so it will not start when the gang tries to make its getaway.

Only if our action is swift and sure can we prevent this hideous crime from becoming a reality. Captains, see me if you have any questions. Each of you should give me a list of the men you want on your gang.

Yours Forever in Christmas,
James M. Field,
Student Prince



NT JOSEPH
COLLEGE

Mister Garbage



This must have been the prelude to the greatest tragedy the world has ever known. I, patrolman John McKenzie, came upon this scene early Christmas morning. The agony of all the world's children on this morning is of course the most tragic part of this story. But I think it is necessary first to tell you what I found at Collegeville early on that last Christmas morning.

First I found Charles Hicks sitting at his desk with a deer slug in his back, slumped over this manuscript which I have here undertaken to finish. Everywhere I went, people lay dead.

Jim Field, Mike Bornhorst, and three others lay dead



in the Administration Building attic. Bill Stechschulte and crew were found dead at the base of Schwieterman Hall having either been shot or pushed off the roof of that building by the gangsters who must have been waiting all day long atop the elevator shaft which stands about ten feet above the roof proper.

Nothing but ashes remained of Santa himself and John Hohman and his crew. Apparently John and his men were shot as they entered the incinerator room and their bodies cremated along with Santa.

Tom Brown had apparently been successful in overworking the college garbage truck. But somehow the gangsters had duped Jim Greer, the college mechanic, into bringing out his battery cables and starting the garbage truck

for them. Mr. Greer lay dead with three deer slugs through his back, near the wheels of his green pickup truck. All were dead. Not a living soul was found in Collegeville.

In the days that followed this event no trace was found of either the Mafia or the garbage truck. Years of investigation led to nothing and the world soon forgot that there had ever been a Christmas or a Santa Claus.....



Here Edgar Allan Poe lay down the manuscript. "So," he thought, "this is what happened to the joy that once characterized mankind. Laughter and mirth are now but mere history due to the self-centered sadism of this group called the Mafia." Poe opened his pocket watch. He noticed it was nearing midnight and time for him to return again to his rightful place. Rising from his chair, he walked across his laboratory to his coffin. Crawling in and closing the lid, he consoled himself that in another two thousand years he would again be allowed one night's work in his laboratory. Until then, he must remain dead to human affairs and dead to human emotion.

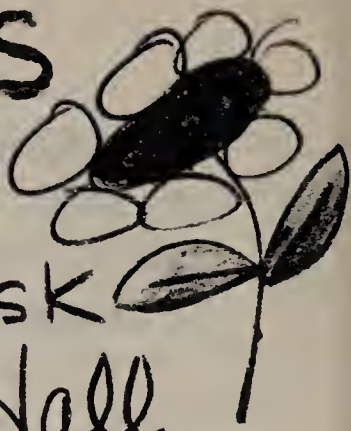
T. P. Brown

ANSWERS TO NOV. HIPPIE PUZZLE

1. Indian; 2. Grateful Dead; 3. Fillmore; 4. Haight-Ashbury; 5. Yogi; 6. Moby Grape; 7. Krishna (Note: On the last row, the third letter should be a "K") 8. Ravi; 9. Psychedelic; 10. Golden Gate Park; 11. Hippie; 12. Macrobiotic; 13. Food; 14. Acid; 15. Airplane; 16. Beads 17. Peace and Love; 18. Zen; 19. A.C.T.; 20. LSD; 21. Ginsberg; 22. Happening; 23. Synanon; 24. Pot; 25. Flower; 26. Leary; 27. STP; 28. Joint; 29. Incense.

SURREALISTIC TIDBITS

from the
Haight-Ashbury Desk
in the 6th yr. Study Hall

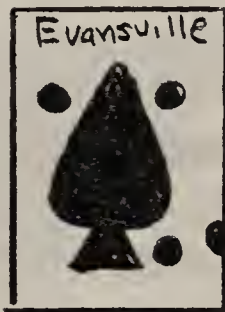


Greetings and cheer to all you faithful readers of this glob of periphery.



The last month has been quite productive as far as concerts go. On November eighth, the University of Illinois Symphony Orchestra started the line of concerts. The St. Joseph's Glee Club sang with the Marygrove College Glee Club on the eleventh. On the sixteenth, our boys in the band entertained the college with a fine concert. Then on the eighteenth the Olivet College Theatre produced Christopher Fry's "The Lady's Not For Burning," thus ending the fine arts for this month. All the productions were really great. I only wish more people in the hall would take advantage of college sponsored productions.

The Mongies have recently been looking out for the future of St. Joe's. Many of us were involved in the production of the latest advertisement for the college. We were the first to use the new hall, so maybe we can talk them into giving it to us when it is completed.



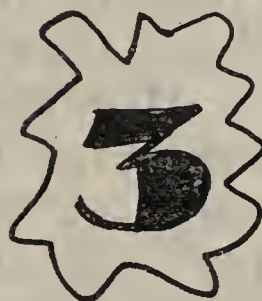
The Xavier Hall homecoming float turned out better than expected. The elaborate plans for a moving float looked impossible and almost turned out to be. But on homecoming day our Puma was out there (and working) and looked pretty good in comparison with the other hall floats. To top the day off, the Pumas came through with a startling performance on the gridiron to win a 7-3 victory over Evansville. The motto on our float, "Shoot down the Aces," proved to be the theme of the day.



On the local scene, Douglas (W.S.) Sartor has taken the college I.M. award for stepping in front of Mountain Dew bottles as they are hurled from cars. It took much concentrated effort, and Doug was given the opportunity to show off his skill last week thanks to the help of some local hoods. There are rumors going around that Doug is hiring Perry Mason to protest the trophy he secured, which was a bald spot on his head with five stitches. He wanted more shaved area with bigger stitches and a blue, not tan seminole indian band to go with it.

LOFA
NOSP
OSP
?

For those of you who have been wasting your time trying to figure out Fr. McKay's daily schedules because of his code system of printing signs, here is the key: ASIASH -- Abolish singing in all spiritual happenings, LOFA -- Loafing on floor allowed, NOSP ---- No one smokes pot, OSP -- O'Dell smokes pot, TVP -- Talk very politely, NSP -- No shower permission, NESPFATH --- No extra swearing permission for all in the hall, CTR --- Can trashy rumors, and the universal NGP -- 1) No green pants; 2) No guitar playing; 3) No grotto permission 4) No girl permission; 4) Nice Greers prohibited.



* After weeks of canning rumors and being patiently enthusiastic, we had a talk with Fathers Byrne and Banet. It was to be a friendly visit, but the first announcement set the mood for the rest of the evening. One of the rumors we had hoped to can was that Christmas vacation would last from December twenty-third until January seventh, but that is what it is. After this announcement, we moved into an enlightening discussion on everything from the government loans, vacations, community spirit and other topics from Vatican II to the broken sinks in Xavier. It was an open discussion, and we learned a few things and brought up a lot of meaningful questions. We still have a few months of canning rumors to go before the novitiate question will be settled, but in the meantime, we will all be dizzily happy in "giving it a whirl."

*editors note - Christmas vacation has now been changed from 2 to 3 weeks.

③
seconds
for
Richina

The Columbian Players of the College presented the play, Incident at Vichy, on December first, second, and third. The story took place in France where the Germans were rounding up Jews during World War II. The play was suspenseful and unique in that it was continuous. Neal Malatesta, Bob Zimmerman and Jerry Patterson all performed their major parts excellently. Rich Richina also did a fine "bit" of acting.

That is it for this month. Have a Hippy Christmas and all that, and remember, thou art a potential member of the society forever, according to the order of economics.

Michel Craig

ORCHIDS:

— Monte Carlo —

The sixth years produced their annual Monte Carlo night on November 23 much to the enjoyment of those "vacationing" students at St. Joseph's College. The "X" was the scene; gambling the game.

Literally thousands of dollars passed across the gambling tables through the

course of the evening. But this was not the only attraction! Those not wishing to gamble tried their luck with the fortune-teller from Luavul, Michael (Ravi) Hicks. Those disgusted with their fortune tried to drown their sorrows at the bar. "Bill's Palsy" and the "Polyphemos Eyeball" proved to be the most tasty and stimulative drinks. Complaining customers were quickly tossed out by the bouncers, able-bodied M. Bornhorst and able-chinned P. King. One irate customer complaining of peculiar curly hairs in his "Beowulfian Bowl of Mead" was personally bounced by bartender Jim Field.





Seely's army showed up in full force led by their General and Commander-in-Chief Greg "the Experience" Seely and newest recruit Pfc. Mike Smith, Fr. McKay also attended with friend?? Greer. Although Fr. O'Dell could not appear physically he was there in spirit the entire evening by the piano.

Following the activity in the "X" there was an auction in the rec-room, Fortune-teller turned auctioneer, T.H.E. man from

Luavul auctioned those valuable prizes to anyone fortunate enough to win and keep his money. The prizes proved to be gems and everyone seemed well satisfied. Rich Richina and the "gang" from P.B. captured the last prize and are already planning Monte Carlo for next year. Orchids to D. Glazier, J. Schmidt, T. Brown, that man from Luavul, and all who participated in making Monte Carlo a grand success this year.

Bill Fiely

-WAPP of the month goes to
 - all those who believed we were only getting a 2 week vacation.
 - & ROCK FORTMAN who didn't know how many hrs. there are in a day.

d.m.u. briefs



I had originally planned on telling a dirty joke or two at the beginning of this column to attract some readers, since most of the seminarians usually forget to read this column. However, after a little thought on the matter I reconsidered and decided to omit the jokes.

Before I proceed any further, I feel it necessary to clear up a little problem. Due to unforeseen circumstances, the most important person was not present in last issue's D.M.U. picture. Needless to say it was me. Just thought I would mention this to you. I can imagine the disappointment you all must have felt when you discovered that I was missing.

A few weeks ago the D.M.U. held its first discussion, which was led by Mrs. Wommelsdorff, an English professor here at Saint Joe's. Although the general topic was, "A Lady's Point of View on Marriage And Birth Control," the discussion ranged from adopting a child to the formation of

a seminarian. You may find it a little strange that we had an English teacher as the discussion leader for topics such as these. The purpose and value of the discussion, however, was to give us a chance to hear a wife's and a mother's opinions, not the theories of a renowned psychologist or marriage counselor. When you're living in an almost completely male society it is rather nice to hear a lady's point of view for a change. This was our first discussion and we were nervous about whether it would be successful. However, we needn't have worried because the discussion was a complete success. Mrs. Wommelsdorff is a very interesting person to talk with and is probably the main reason the discussion was so interesting. Everyone who attended commented on how enjoyable and informative the evening was. Now, if only the rest of the discussions will go as well.....

James Field

ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS IS

is a new set of WORK CLOTHES
by Michael Ploetz

This, as most people know, is the Christmas season. Last year at this time it was also the Christmas season, and if all goes well there will be another one next year. This has been going on for quite some time and only God knows when it will end.

It is as difficult to find a new approach to Christmas as it was for the nuns to find a new way to fix potatoes. Just about everything that can be said about the feast has been said. A lot of pollution has gone under the bridge since the first Christmas. But perhaps a summary is in order of the divergent views prevalent about Christmas.

It has oft been said that "Christmas belongs to the children." Strictly speaking this is theologically incorrect. Christmas belongs to people of all ages, all races, and all accumulative indices. But it is the innocence and boundless enthusiasm of children that make the feast a Merry, Merry, Merry, Merry Christmas (as in the song of the ~~same name~~). I remember back when I was a kid, and it seems that the term, "Silent Night", was either taken from Christian Antiquity or was a modern mother's wishful thinking. Christmas in the land of children is not silent. It is the season of battery powered noise and of course young and hearty lung power.

There is in most children the true meaning of Christmas, no matter what the Scrooges and humbugs may say otherwise. Children are honest, sincere, enthusiastic and generous. This is generally called immaturity. Perhaps Christ was right when he cautioned the wiseacres of Palestine to become like little children. It worked for Saint Francis of Assisi and for his modern counterpart, Peter Pan. Even today it is the wish of American youth to never grow up, at least until the war is over in Vietnam.

(cont. on next page)

After children comes that all encompassing group that I label "people that are not children." In these ranks are the Scrooges, the people who buy the battery powered noise, and those who just sit back with peace of mind and enjoy Christmas, which is my group. These people have experienced from as few as nineteen to as many as ninety Christmas seasons. Some of these PTANC are "schmardt." They get away with stinginess, uncharitableness, bottle throwing, insincerity and dishonesty all year long, so when Christmas comes they can sit back and try to measure how much they have gotten away with the previous year.

Some of the PTANC seem to run a non-profit organization. Then act as if it were Christmas all year long! Naturally people make fun of them, but they remember the words, "Whosoever is made fun of, kicked at, or spit on, while living a just life in My name is in good with Me." It is difficult to lead a good life and have Christmas spirit all year long. It is worth it though just to stand in the back of Church as Scrooge makes his Easter duty and say, "Lord, I thank Thee that I am not like him, self-supporting."

This Christmas should be particularly rewarding for Xavier Hall students at Saint Joe's College in Collegeville, Indiana, if any of them should happen to pick up and read this issue of PULSE. They have an opportunity to display true Christmas spirit throughout most of January. No amount of complaining or wishful thinking will better their (our) situation, so I suggest that the Hall cheerfully accept the decisions of the religious superiors and do its best to help the Society through difficult times.

Remember: "Any man can be drafted and killed;
It takes a heck of a man,
To stay home and build."

Break out the Kaan Stix!



HEAVE

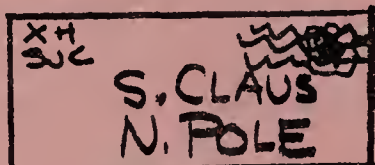
ON

EARTH



(what would FREUD say about)

A LETTER TO SANTA



Dear Mr. Claus,

Everyone here is so shy to write you their Christmas wishes that it seems a shame for them to go by unnoticed. After many hours of research I have found these requests to be most yearned for by each individual. Please consider these carefully, Santa.

Ben Alba wants a fireproof guitar.

Mike Bischoff wants a pair of pants that fit.

Glen Brandel wants a Mister Markiewicz doll.

Jim Dummering would like a poem written in spondee feet.

Gary Elliott wants TV permission on Saturday mornings.

Ed Feicht wants a pair of loafers to replace the chore of bending over to tie his shoes.

Tom Fey wants Fr. McKay to give out conduct grades.

Bill Fiely wants his brother to be Donnie May's roommate.

Carlos Graupera wants everyone to know he's the tallest Cuban at St. Joe's.

Al Hartway would like a nose job.

Dave Kaiser wants a pipe (iron).

Mike Kanaby wants to be in the Tulip Bowl Parade.

Virgil Keller wants a new way to meet Rita Murphy.

Dan Kirwan wants twenty shares of stock in the Chiquita Banana Company.

Dave Kroger wants a publisher for his book.

Bill Lessard wants the laundry to fade his green pants.

Rich Longworth wants to become an iron pillar so he can pick up all the sports.

Mark Lorenzo wants to give cheer and good "spirits" to all.

Dave Martin wants a play mortitian's kit.

Charlie Meixner wants to be Lorenzo's spiritual advisor.

Dave Monastyrski wants to change his name to Jones.

Ron Nartker would like to lose his nickname, "Muv."

Steve Nett wants a good supply of handkerchiefs and Dristan.

Ed Nieberding would like to borrow one of your cigarettes.

Bill O'Donnell would like to run the Business Office.

Rich Richina would like a summer job with the "Temptations."

Pat Riha wants to try out with the Kansas City Chiefs.

Doug Sartor wants you to throw a Mountain Dew party for the boys of Rensselaer.



Greg Seely wants a permanent residence.

Pete Shea would like to be promoted to first clarinet in the S.J.C. Band.

Jerry Shiek wants everyone to know he's from Wisconsin and not from Saudi Arabia.

Ron Sudano would like to do imitations on the Smothers Brothers Show.

John Waymire would like his family to move.

Jerry Weber would like to thank Paul Weber for his nickname.

Jeffrey Werner would like a box of "Il Duce" cigars.

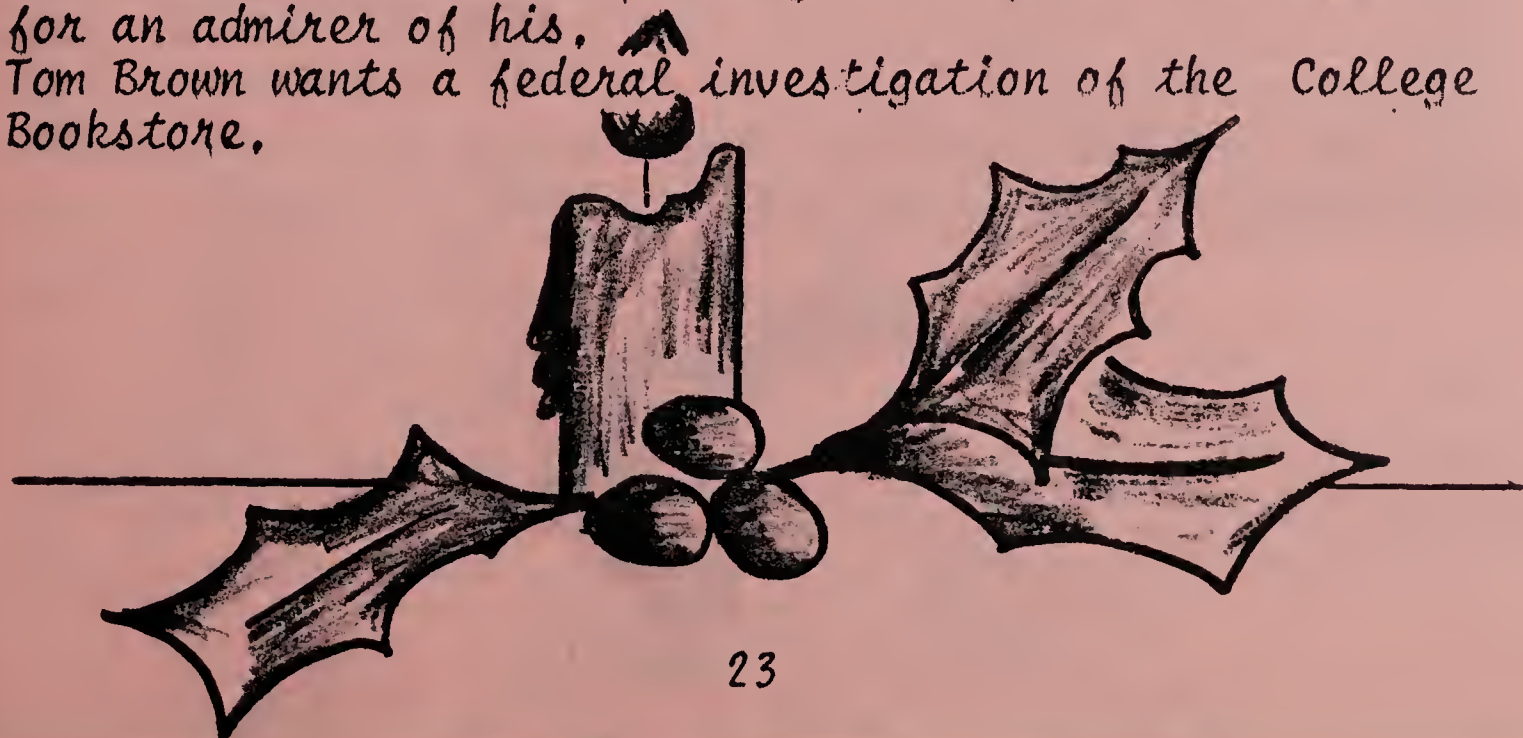
Gene Zondlo would like to thank Zweisler for being here.

Jerry Zweisler would like to change his name to Ardwat.

Jim Ballmann would like to make his index.

Mike Bornhorst wants a pair of size four cons (women) for an admirer of his.

Tom Brown wants a federal investigation of the College Bookstore.



Jim Burnett would like to tell us everything he knows about Fr. Robbins, but he's afraid.

Bruce Catalano would like to serve for Fr. Kuhns again over Christmas vacation in Canton.

Mike Craig wants the carpenter shop to build him a cedar chest.

Jim Field wants his own \$40,000 office since he's prince Roger Fortman wants the record, "I've Got Rhythm."

Dan Glazier wants Craig to get his own modeling clay.

Mike Hicks wants Kentucky to build a road so he can go home on vacation.

Fred Hofstetter wants to challenge the "Phantom" to a race -- at night.



John Hohman would like to know why everyone else is so stupid.

Ken Hohenbrink wants a durable "key to the church."

John Hoying wants nothing but his two front fangs.

Ron Hoying would like to organize the Xavier Hall League Of Decency.

Al Kaminsky doesn't need anything.

Pete King would like to cancel his subscription to PULSE

E.J. Kriegel would like a new set of teeshirts.

Jim Langenkamp doesn't want anyone to know his middle name is Leo.

Terry Lothamer would like to participate in more contact sports

Stan Malatesta would like to be a charter member of the Mickey Mouse Club.

Jake McBull would like his name changed to Pat McBride.

Dan Monnin would like to mark his spot in chapel.



Dick Moser wants someone besides Hohman with whom he can communicate.

Mike Ploetz would like you to tell everyone he's charitable.

Frank Pritz would like permission to grow a beard and comb it up.

Mike Smith would like to apologize to everyone in the hall.

Jack Sowar wants a new comb because his old one is stuck in his hair somewhere.

Bill Stechschulte would like a school letter in varsity barfing.

Bob Vondrell wants the lead role in Rip Van Winkle.

Henry Winter wants two jugs of sherry.

Finally, Santa, I would like to make the "X" available for mixers.

Jerry Schmidt

What's new with



I asked for news articles and nobody gave me any, so I guess this gives me free reign. Well, where can I start? This past month and a half has been a very interesting period. Two BP's have received permission for a European tour which starts January 11, and extends through January 29. These BP's are Mike Ruthenberg and Ed Habrowski. Mike and Ed will leave from Chicago and arrive in London the next day by TWA jet. From there they will tour such cities as Paris, Zurich, Lucerne, Engelberg, Rome, Madrid, then finally back to New York and Chicago. I forgot to mention that the rest of the trip after London depends on whether or not they can get Mike Ruthenberg away from Westminster Abbey.

Next thing on my mind is our conference with the Provincial, Father John Byrne C.P.P.S. This was an unusual conference in that there was not much complaining, but there was a lot of fruitful discussion and exchanges of thoughts. Many enlightening ideas were brought up,

some of which we will not be able to mention until the second semester. But those things which can be mentioned deal with the Brother Formation Program, its idea at conception and its practical application at St. Joe's. The position of the Brother in the Community was discussed to some extent, but not in the emotional and vague manner in which it has been discussed before. This time it was discussed in a somewhat pragmatic way (I use this term thanks to Philo. 21). It was brought out that Brothers of tomorrow will be needed, not only in community institutions, but in colleges and high schools as teachers, and in parishes as leaders of activities and financial administrators. The future for the Brother is quite bright.

Probably the foremost thing in my mind right now is the Thanksgiving dinner which was sponsored by the BP's. Now don't let the word sponsor fool you; this does not mean it was given entirely by the BP's. No, this means the idea was thought of by the BP's and carried out by the community of religious students. You know, it seems sort of strange that priests and brothers are banging their heads against the wall trying to find out what community means. The only thing they have to do, is look at how smoothly the dinner went when all sides let down the barricades and decided to do something that would benefit his fellow brother in the Body and Blood of Christ. I would like to personally thank everyone who helped put on the Thanksgiving dinner, especially Tom Hemm and Jerry Schmidt. You two helped out tremendously.

R. Wise

ALL our thanks to our Provincial,
Fr. Byrne, & all the interested
parties who allowed us to have
dialogue with them. — Your time
& concern are greatly appreciated.
THANKS FOR THE 3 WEEK VACATION

Dear Granny,
Letters on Personal Etiquette &
Hygiene

Dear Bill,

Recently I wore a tie clasp and my fellow students were shocked. First of all, they said I wore it in the wrong place. Then they said a tie clasp is really out this year. Is this true, Bill? Please give me some information on when and where I should wear my tie clasp. Your advice will be greatly appreciated.

Roger Fortman

Dear "Rock"

This whole column is set up to help people just like you, Roger, who have some problem in life which they can't solve by themselves. After all, Rock, your statement, "Sticks and stones can break my bones, but names will never hurt me," was extremely out of place. This article wasn't set up for me to cut you. After all, Rock, you get enough of that already. Since once in a while there is a remote possibility that you might know everything, you could use some help from your fellow students.

So to answer your question, Roger, a tie clasp can be worn anytime you want to. We only wished to help you when we told you to wear it up higher. There was no desire on anyone's part to get you upset again. Your tie clasp should go very well with your white socks.

Dear Bill,

I often enjoy nibbling at a turkey leg before going to sleep at night. Sometimes guys mock me out for this uncanny habit. Can you tell me how to go about it in the least conspicuous manner?

E. Nieberding

Dear E.,

I had to go to Mike Smith for this reply, since he is a known connoisseur of turkey legs. He says that it is proper to hang the turkey leg on a string from the upper bunk. Then you can nibble to your heart's content. Just a bit of advice: never get bitter and hurl it out the window.

(Cont, on next page)

Dear Stecky,

Last summer I purchased a pair of hand-woven, red, scrubbed denims from Monsieur Blumenthal's Gentry Shoppe in nearby Rensselaer. I know they were the rage then, but now I'm not so sure since school has started. Please let me know if red trousers are still "in" during the school year. I have to know because everyone makes fun of Bill Lessard behind his back for wearing green pants, and I'd hate to find myself in the same position.

Sincerely,
Michael Ploetz

Dear Michael,

I do not see anything wrong with wearing red pants occasionally, but if I remember right, your occasional dress got to be daily, and your choice of shirts and socks to go with it was "God-awful." The whole problem is rather trivial, but your insistence on dressing different shows you are very concerned about your regression to the carcissic anal stage of your psychological development. Subliminally, you desire to overcompensate for the way your face looks, and you wish to assure others that you are not suffering from medullablastoma. If this fetish of yours becomes worse, I would advise that you seek professional help, either from Dr. Moser or Dr. Pichitino who show a willingness to help anyone with similar problems, even if they don't need it.

Dear Bill,

. . . I have been trying to stop the immature practice of throwing napkin wads at meal upon your strong hint of disapproval. Even recently, I wished to show the Mongie nation that now that I have become a man, after aspiring after you, that I thought it was too immature for me to play the "Boardog" in our talented class movie. This aroused the laughter of some of the members of our class, besides the sadness they felt at such an unreplaceable loss. Some of them also began to mock me out. Please, Bill, please come to my defense, and shut-down these immature freaks for their uncouthness.

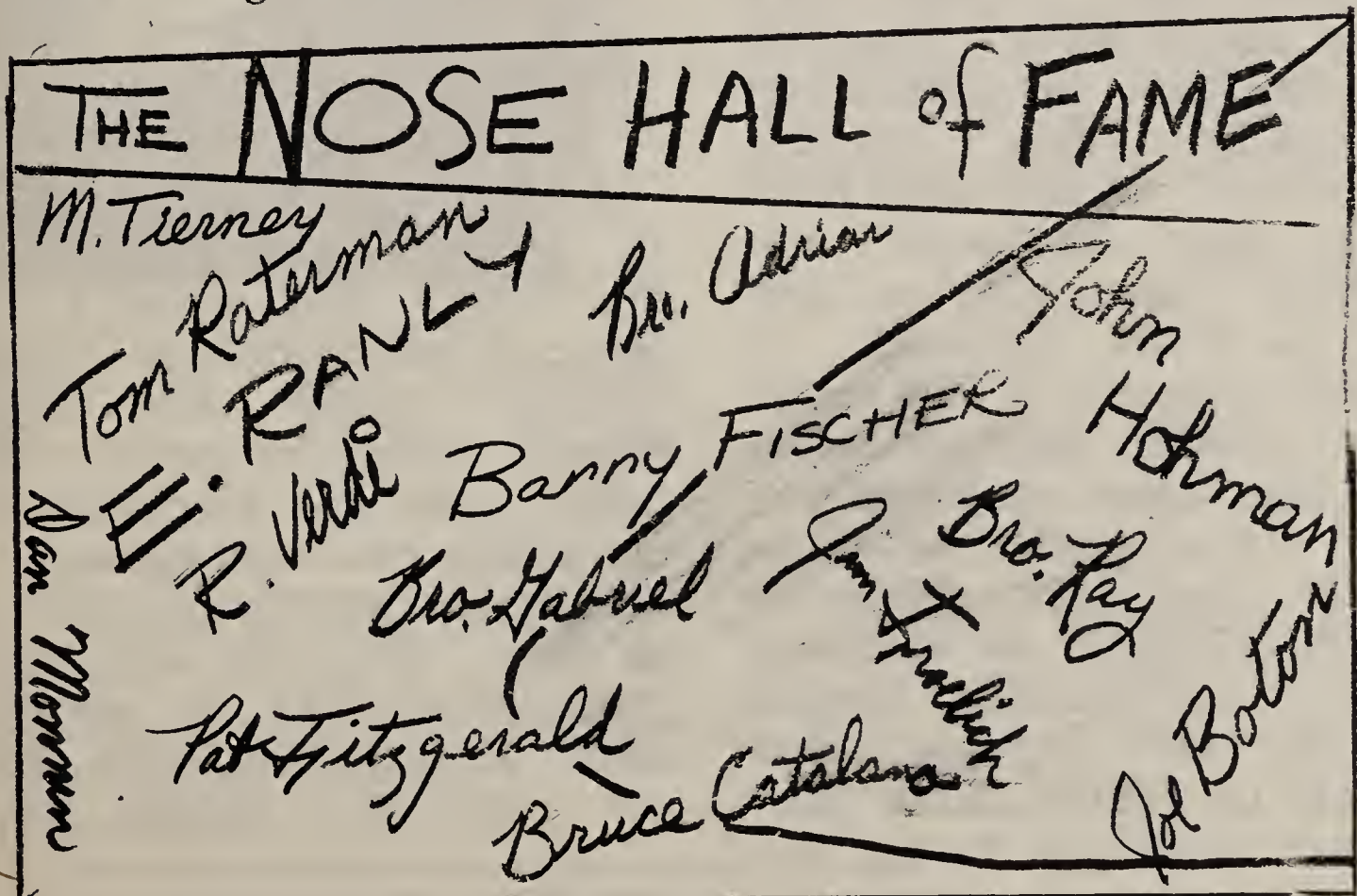
Most Sincerely yours,
Daniel W. Monnin, Esquire

Dear Dan,

Usually I will take the cause of the down - trodden and persecuted when the reasons are justified. However, Dan, in your case, I will have to agree with the majority of classmen in hoping that you will accept this opportunity to show your real self to everyone as we know you. I am rather doubtful that your sudden change in attitude and acting could be so radically changed overnight when for years we have been observing your spaz- zing, bubble - blowing, your uncontrollable performances in chapel, your rather abnormal and weird costumes at football games, and other general oddities. I would think you would deem it a privilege to perform as you really are, so that your frolics can be immortalized and your famous lines as "Horse carrots, Boar-it-down, thank you, thank you, thank you, Nuggats, etc." can be remembered for years.

I can't say that you are too immature, Dan, when actually your behavior is similar to John Hohman, nearly 21-years-old, and Dr. Jim Greer with an I.Q. of 165 at 28-years-old.

Consequently, Dan, I could advise you to accept your part as the "Boar-dog;" after all, you did play a similar role in the last class movie we made and did a very good job. If it is only that you are camera-shy, I'm sure you can ask Jim Field for advice on how to act while being filmed.



Fr Heiman discusses Liturgy

The summer music program is certainly a credit to St. Joe, and it justifies the pride Father Heiman takes in his work. The Aug. 27, 1967, issue of the well-known Our Sunday Visitor carried a front page picture and inside article acknowledging the achievements of him and his staff. This summer liturgical School has caused St. Joe to rapidly become one of the most respected schools in liturgical music.

Occasionally one of Father Heiman's little heralds appears on Xavier Hall's bulletin board, announcing that "there will be a short choir practice for everyone in chapel immediately after evening prayers." At one such practice one Xavierite remarked, "Gee, singing like this is fun!" Although it sounds possibly a bit naive this remark expresses the feelings and attitude toward liturgical celebrations that Father likes to see developed. He believes that liturgical events should be enjoyed but should be artistically performed as well. To the ex-

tent that each participant is willing "to give of himself to see another's world is what will determine how enjoyable, how artistic, and how alive the local liturgy will be.

Modern liturgy has presented a few problems for



Fr. Heiman and other liturgical musicologists. New English hymns and high Masses have replaced the Latin, and the function of the choir has been altered; consequent adaptations must be made. But, the work and preparation that an up-to-date liturgy requires of not only Fr. Heiman but

also seminarians and the whole community might be compared to the extensive extracurricular athletics program of a physical education major. It offers no scholastic credit, but it's what really makes the athlete.

Community spirit and individual winningness are the essential ingredients. The summer liturgical school will provide the recipes. The finished product will be an enjoyable, artistic, live, and meaningful liturgy--the kind that Fr. Heiman likes to see.

Confronted by months of increasingly unpleasant winter weather, and possibly by equally lengthy and unpleasant scholarly endeavors, it is sometimes a happy experience to think ahead to that time when all will be different. And while thinking of weather, degrees, and temperature in connection with summer liturgical music program at St. Joseph's College, which is the "thermometer" by which we could judge what

could be done on the local (liturgical) scene" according to Fr. Lawrence Heiman, C.P.P.S., a member of the college faculty and the director of the summer program.

Two thoughts immediately pop into your head. The first is about this liturgical music program, begun in 1960, one of the youngest of the college's programs and the only one granting a Master's degree (through affiliation with DePaul University in Chicago.) Your second thought concerns your own local liturgy at St. Joe--what it is now and what it should be. Both of these are the responsibility and concern of Fr. Heiman, who also teaches several music courses and holds several positions on national and international associations of music, all resulting in what a musician might call a syncopation of activities,

Pete Shea

*Editors NOTE — Article, "Fr Heiman...", begins in the 1st paragraph on this page — SORRY!

Thanks to Brother Philip and Fathers Spanbauer and Kissner for the generous loan of their equipment, without whose help this publication would not be possible,
PATTY PULSE IS DEAD,....



T.H.E. City : Winner of the
1967 "Most unlikely Place to
be at Xmas" Award



With the onrush of softly fallen snow, there must come an alleviation to my bitterness which has accumulated over the past month or so. Once again I was determined to stage a strike against Peter King, as his enemies call him, for his inconsiderate editing of the last Pig's Pen. Please, readers, I personally ranked Dayton as 36th in the nation; the switch was done by none other than our editor-in-chief, Swinger-Bird King. Henceforth, any gross misappropriating of the material about to be presented in this column

will be met with vigorous opposition and swift retaliation.

Before our readers progress any further, please turn to the Letters to the Editor, Roger Fortman, if you know what I mean, has written a very thought-provoking letter. Please be assured that what Roger, I think that's the name he goes by, has said was received with the utmost seriousness. When Roger speaks the hall members shake in their boots at his thought-provoking verbage and philosophical comment. Even though I was utterly shook

at Roger's statements, I have been assured by Dick Moser, Xavier's psychoanalyst, that Roger is simply suffering from a psychophysiological disorder aggravated by emotional difficulties.

Happiness is.....

Sartor: "getting hit in the head with a bottle in order to get into the infirmary and be able to cut Greek four times instead of three."

Werner: "being liked by everyone in the hall."

Fiely: "a warm puppy with personality."

Ballman: "being able to come back from vacation a month early, so we can work."

Shea: "an open Greek book."

Kanaby: "walking through the tulips."

Favorite sayings of the month:

Greg Seely: Hi Fiel!!

Bill Fiely: Hi Seel!!

Wouldn't it be nice if.....

Fey could sit through a movie without psychoanalyzing it for everyone?

The P.B. guys knew a different route, besides the one which always leads to study hall?

Lorenzo were sanguine?

Xavier could rid itself of the lice and vermin which have appeared once a month for the past two months?

Schiek didn't want his name mentioned in this issue of PULSE?

Xavier Hall went co-ed?

Mott went to Mass at least once a month?

We could find another "Hoofer?"

The Flyers could beat U.C.?

We could cut Alan Hartway more often?



"Turkey Leg" Nieberding didn't like to walk a mile for someone else's cigarettes?

Hicks got drafted?

We had a shorter vacation?

...who, disguised as Bill Lessard, mild-mannered student of a quaint midwestern college, fights a never-ending battle for Mom, apple pie, Ozzie and Harriet, Fr. Kuhns, the sweetheart he left behind, truth, justice, and the American way.

Once again we come to the end of another frustrated writer's work. Before Seel and I close we should like to wish the guys at Novi a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and if you guys are in this area during the holidays, please stop in for a visit. We assure you that you won't wear out your welcome.

the Laity: Adults should establish friendly channels of communication with young people which will allow both to overcome the chasm of age difference. They will then be able to understand each other and share with one another the insights which both possess. By example first, and, when occasion offers, by wise counsel and strong supportive assistance, adults should encourage young people to engage in the apostolate. On their part, young people should cultivate respect and trust toward adults and, granting their natural attraction for what is new, they must hold a proper esteem for the worthwhile traditions of the past.

In Sanguine Agni,
Fr. James E. Froelich,

...Thanks a lot for the letter, Father. We're always glad to receive a thought-provoking letter. We only regret that the art work couldn't be reproduced for the readers.

ed.

LIKE OUR
XMAS
PULSE?



WRITE: PULSE



XAVIER HALL
SJC
RENSSELAER
IND. 47978



TURKEY BOWL BANQUET

Xavier Hall Mongies celebrated Thanksgiving during a welcome four day vacation. A 9:00 concelebrated Mass set Thanksgiving Day in motion as families, friends, the Society, country, and Greek filled the hearts of the seminarians.

The traditional 5th vs. 6th year football game and the Thanksgiving banquet highlighted the holiday. In order to express more totally and physically the commitment and enthusiasm of the Hall, we switched from the customary touch to tackle football, and as one could tell from the limping and fragrance of Absorbine Jr., no equipment was used.

Bruce Catalano led the victorious 6th years to two first-half touchdowns, the only scores of the game. Frank Pritz sparked their attack snapping two interceptions from the opponents, while Hank Winter smothered 5th year quarterbacks Ron Nartker and Bill Lessard with several powerful embraces. A Catalano to King connection caught the 5th years unaware (who would ever expect Pete King to be SLEEPING?) and entertained the shivering spectators, especially Fr. McKay, who summoned enough courage to come out for the second half. The 5th years found their aerial assault futile, but Ron Nartker and Bill Fiely broke through several times for good ground yardage. Tom Fey put in his bid for fame with a sparkling pass interception in the second half.

Since the college cooking crew had the holiday off, a volunteer corps of Seminarians and Brother Postulants headed by B.P. Dick Wise prepared the banquet. The crew got up for 5:00 Mass in order to stuff 18 turkeys from the Drexel herds into ovens and to fix the other trimmings. White linen tablecloths, Bert Woolsons' soft background music, friendly table service, and pitchers of wine graced the atmosphere of the feast giving it a certain cheer and warmth. A relief crew stepped in to clean up the pots, pans, and dishes and Tom Hemm and Mark Loranzo volunteered to take care of the leftover wine.

The four day vacation gave evrybody at least a chance to rest and to think about all they have to be thankful for.

Steve Nett

SPORTS

by Jim Langenkamp

SUPPORT THE HANDICAPPED

With the successful football season as a memory, the Mongies continue to actively participate in Intramural competition. At present, two Mongie teams are representing Xavier Hall in the IM Bowling leagues.



The Mongies (pictured above) have selected Ben Alba as their captain. His teammates include Kaminsky, Smith Field, Bischoff, Riha, Richina, and Woulson. Smith and Field provide insurance with last year's experience while a few rookies add enough depth for a favorable season.



The second team (shown above) called the Rollers have Brown as their captain. Lt. Comm. Charles M. Hicks Fey, McBride, John Hoying, Seely, and Kroger round out the team.

Xavier supports both teams in full confidence and wishes them a successful and winning season. L

Mongies Sport 14

B-Ball Teams

Xavier Hall has already rung a bell and struck a blow for themselves in IM sports. With a new season & new hopes, four Mongie teams are zeroing in on another attempt at the basketball crown.

The 4th team, economically known as the Federal Loans, is struggling with a 1-3 record at present. Gene Zondlo & Jerry Schiek are the top scorers and rebounders for the Loans. The Loans may not win many games, but their participation has added a few more IM points for Mongieville.

The Elevators (Team 3) have faltered with a 1-3 record also. Of course, they've been bogged down by a personnel problem, since a few of their taller members have left Xavier. This places a much heavier load on Tom Fey, the squads only big man. Fortunately, respectful depth at guard in Nieberding, Ploetz and Fiely may be enough to assure a few more wins.

Placed in a rough league the Xavier Bouncers are finding the 50% mark difficult to leap. An early season loss to Noll & to last year's champs have dimmed the second team's chances of reaching the tourney.

Lessard, Vondrell & Winter have been producing the points, while King has been content to aid with his passing techniques. Kaiser, Kaminsky, Jim Hoying, & Pohlman complete the squad. High scoring victories in the remaining games might prove helpful in making the playoffs, should
(cont. on next page)





Top; Xavier Mongies

Below: Xavier Diggers

Below, Right; Xavier
Elevators

(E-ball, Cont.)

the Bouncers fail to finish 1st or 2nd in league play. The worst is over and hopefully, the best is yet to come.

The Mongies have established themselves as one of the teams to beat with their perfect 4-0 chart. This crew has yet to be seriously challenged with their closest winning margin being twenty-seven points. One very difficult game with a few former varsity players remains on the schedule.

Experience should spell the way for the 1st team. Three starters are back from last year's team and another played frequently. Bornhorst & Monnin are performing brilliantly under the basket and giving the Mongies a potent 1-2 combination of scoring and rebounding. Monnin especially has improved with each game



despite a broken nose (Don't worry, Mrs. Monnin, he's well protected). At guard Langenkamp and Lothamer offer hustle and an occasional good eye from the outside. Malatesta completes the 1st unit. He is the most improved player & his consistency & heads-up play has earned him a starting role.

Hofstetter, Zwiesler, & Nartker add good balance

and insure adequate bench strength. Each is capable of breaking a game wide open with his individual style. Consistency & confidence has plagued all three.

A combination of height and sharpshooters coupled with hustle and desire could ring another bell and strike still another blow. Good luck, teams!



DID YOU KNOW...

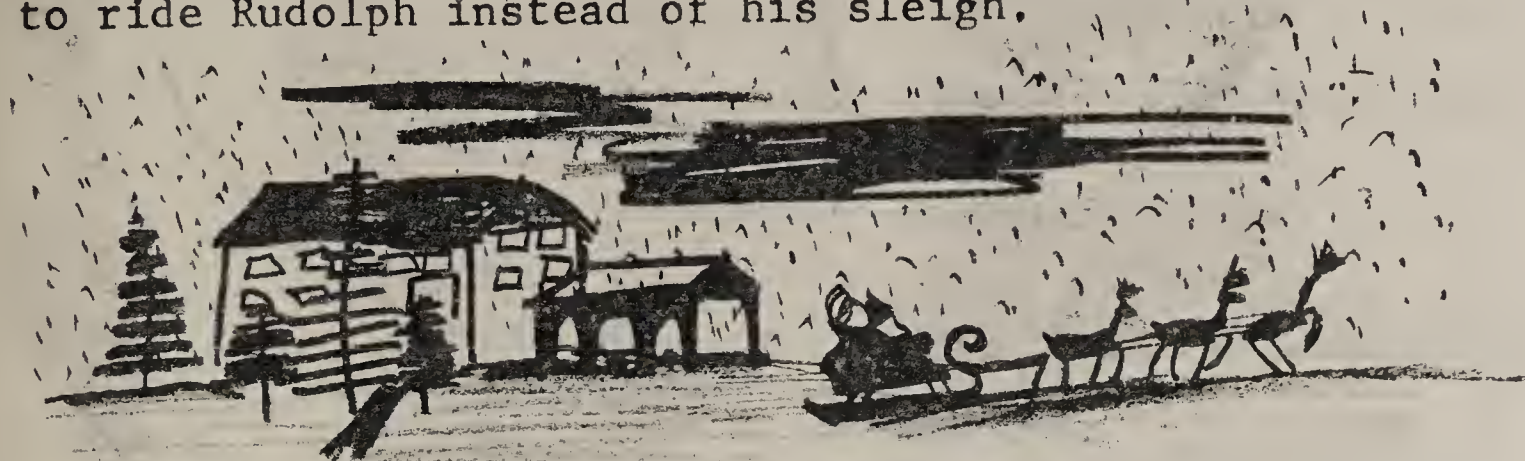
...how the Xavier students spent their Christmas in 1950? Here is an article taken from the "X-press" of that year.

"At Midnight there were gathered together in the college chapel the priests, sisters, brothers and students of the Society of the Precious Blood. For some of the Xavierites it was the first Midnight Mass they had ever attended as seminarians. The Choir sang the new Mass in honor of the Mother of God. Three times that day the powerful notes of "Laetentur Coeli" rang out from the choir loft.

"After Midnight Mass the Xavierites retired to the "X" for a snack of hot chocolate and cookies. The main reason though for their assembling there was to exchange the gifts that were cluttered about the tree. There were all kinds of "presents" aptly described as utterly



useless, that is, save one which is already dear to the Xavierites-- a round fluffy dog, "Puddles", Santa arrived just in time to pass out packages. And as far as the ancient records of Xavier reveal, this was the first time that Santa came wearing cowboy boots. There is a possible explanation for Santa's break with tradition; by Christmas Eve, most of the snow had melted and he had to ride Rudolph instead of his sleigh.



"Dinner not only brought turkey, but a rare surprise; the Sisters came in and sang two Christmas Carols. The highlight of the evening was the Christmas program which demanded much work from the cast and a ready sense of humor from the audience. Santa proceeded to read a letter that he supposedly had received from Xavier Hall. After many interruptions by the three offstage "sir echoes" and with the aid of his helper, "Tiny", Santa finished the letter.

"Next came the gifts for the Sisters; three guns, a corn cob pipe, a cowboy book for Meditation and many other useful items.

The ocette added a very delightful touch to the program by their rendition of "Carol of the Bells", "Jingle Bells" and others. Leo Matusicky and Frank Weiser made quite a hit with their hidden talent in tap dancing."

Ballman & Fortman

